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ANTISELL PIANOS
ORGANS

Moonlight or Morning?

CHIEF-CLERK M. A. WISLAW.

Feeling a little sleepy in the evening,
I thought I would go to bed early.
Catching a little sleep in the morning,
I thought I would go to bed early.

What an elegant place! she cried,
as they drew near a fine old mansion in
the midst of stately grounds, with a
gleam of marble statuary among the
trees, a sparkling fountain, and
the first rays of a new day's morning.
Ah, how nice it is! moonlight or morning?

Into my heart shines a brightness uncertain—
Your dreams are dim, and the skies over-
cast. A shadowy hand lifts the curtain.
Bringing pale beams from the moon of my
past.

Softly a light stole over my spirit,
Trembling the least of dawn's morning.
Is some rare earthly glory returning to cheer
the mother and the child? Or, a
far-flung gleam of new glory?
Fading the light of earth's moonlight or morning?

So, with a soul, in beautiful warning,
Softly a light stole over my spirit,
Trembling the least of dawn's morning.

RUTH'S CHOICE.
A very pleasant little group gathered
about Mrs. Damon's cozy breakfast
table that bright spring morning. Mrs.
Damon herself, fair, fat, and well,
no matter about the age—ten years a
widow with not over plenty of means,
and the mother of three girls; Miss
Laura, the oldest and the beauty; Miss
Isabel, a beauty also, and a musician
beside; and little Ruth, who was re-
garded by the family as neither very
brilliant nor very beautiful, but very
useful to help mother and the sole ac-
cumbent with the household affairs.

This morning there was an extra one
in the group. Mrs. Damon's brother
Edward, an impecunious youth who had
run away to California years ago and
just came back, not much the better, as
Mrs. Damon could discover, for his long
wanderings.

"We never need have expected poor
Uncle Ed to make anything," she re-
marked to her daughters the night after
his sudden return. "He says he has
succeeded in his travels, but I don't
know where he is, and I don't know
what he is doing."

"But—Edward," said Mrs. Damon,
"I never was the first to recover her
voice, 'was' astonished beyond measure.
I thought you said you had only
made a little out of it."

"Well, I did make a little, Mary, and
I never was given much to bragging,
you know. Besides, I had a fancy to see
what Uncle Ed was doing. He and
Uncle Ed were both considered the
same. You have all been kind." Mrs.
Damon winced a little, for she knew it
and only kept her lips as she
said—"and my little Ruth, here, most
of all, for she has come to make my
home bright. I'll take good care of her,
and give her a home and a mother's
love for pocket money; and when she
marries I intend to settle twenty thousand
dollars on her for a wedding present."

Isabel sank down in a chair, speech-
less with amazement, while Mrs. Damon
exclaimed:
"Goodness gracious! I can hardly be-
lieve it yet, Edward."

"You'll get used to it, Mary. Now,
Ruth, take your sister to your
room. I don't want her to see you. You
and Isabel must stay all day. I will
send you home in my carriage."

Little Ruth, as she moved happily
toward her room, thought of the
money she was to receive, and how
kind, generous and honest, and now she
has her reward.

He Conquered.
Congregations are often brought to
the brink of an explosion of rage, and
knowing it. Such was the case in a
Baptist church, recently. The godly
and eloquent pastor was in the midst of
his powerful discourse. A large con-
gregation had gathered, and the
movement up to the climax of his argu-
ment. He himself, was deeply absorbed
in his work, as his ringing voice and
forceful manner became aware of a
disruption near at hand, and
glancing obliquely, espied a colossal
man perched upon his left shoulder. A
second glance revealed the man as a
wasp in a manner that meant mischief.
He was in no haste, but, as if knowing
his advantage, he leisurely performed
every creature of the church, and
which are the preparations and signals
of assault. He would torment the help-
less minister before stabbing him. All
this the person comprehended with con-
founding rapidity, and with the vigor
of his speech, and keeping up
the boom of his discourse.

Mysterious is the complex movement
of the human mind. Little was the
intention of the man, but he was
planning, fatal the delay of that wasp.
Prostration and pride were his destruc-
tion. An inspiration seized the person,
and he began to speak. When
his plan was formed, and executed with
such rapidity and success that the
congregation were ignorant of the
splendid strategy. Raising his voice to
a shout, he began to speak. When
he was around to that left shoulder, pho-
ked the astonished wasp therefrom,
placed him upon the desk, and shout-
ing in stentorian tones, "Hear, ye
people, hear!" he began to speak. When
he was around to that left shoulder, pho-
ked the astonished wasp therefrom,
placed him upon the desk, and shout-
ing in stentorian tones, "Hear, ye
people, hear!" he began to speak.

"You don't suppose you would
be best for him?" said Mrs. Damon,
thoughtfully. "It would leave more
too, for the other girls, and then when
they marry they can help you."

"You forget Uncle Ed has promised
her a set-out," said Isabel, with a
scoffing laugh.

And Laura added—
"You don't suppose you don't. I don't
suppose, after his life is finished,
Uncle Ed will have fifty dollars in the
world. Go along, Ruth; I wish you
in the bargain."

"Thank you, dear," he said, laying
his hand on her head. "I will make
you as comfortable as I can. Will
you be ready to go over day after to-
morrow?"

"Yes, sir," answered Ruth.
The girls had a great deal of sport
about her going next day, but little
Ruth, whose heart was warm with pity
for her lonely old uncle, held firm and
was ready to go early the next morn-
ing.

Uncle Ed invited the rest to go over
and see her installed in her new home.
Laura laughingly declined, but Mrs. Damon
and Isabel resolved to go. Isabel
enjoyed the anticipation of turning up
her pretty nose at Ruth's humble quarters.

They crossed the river, and Uncle Ed
took the ladies to find some sort of a
carriage.

"He hired a very handsome one, I
must confess," was Isabel's mental com-
ment, as they were seated a little later
in a stylish carriage with its splendid
horses. "I didn't know they kept such
elegant ones outside of the city."

Bill Nye's Polar Expedition.

The *Boomerang* reporter sent out to
find the whereabouts of the ship
has just been heard from. An explor-
ing party recently found portions of his
remains in latitude 11 1/4, longitude
west by south from the pole, and near
the remains the following fragment of
a diary:

July 1, 1881.—Have just been out
searching for a sunstroke and signs of a
thaw. Saw nothing but ice, snow and
snow as far as the eye could reach.
Think we will have snow this evening
unless the wind changes.

July 2.—Spent the forenoon exploring
to the northwest for a sign of a thaw.
I think I would be of much value to
commerce. The grade is easy and the
expense could be made up by the sale of
dog to-day. Had intended him for the
4th, but got too hungry, and ate him
raw with vinegar. I wish I was at home
eating *Boomerang* paste.

July 3.—I never felt so free as I do
now, and it looks this morning as
though the corn and small fruits must
have suffered. It is now two weeks
since I have seen a green blade of grass.
At the leather end of my
suspenders to-day for dinner. I did not
need the suspenders, anyway, for by
tightening up my pants I find they will
stand all right, and I don't look for
any ladies to call, so that even if my
pants came off by some oversight, no-
body would be shocked.

July 4.—Saved up some rat roofing
and a bottle of medicine for the Fourth
of July dinner and gorged myself to-
day. The exercises were very poorly
attended and the celebration rather a
failure. It is clouding up in the west
and it may begin to rain to-morrow.
Seems to me we're having an all-
right late spring here this year.

July 5.—Didn't drink a drop yester-
day. It was the quietest Fourth I ever
had. I never felt so little remorse
over the way I celebrated as I do to-
day. I didn't do a thing yesterday that
I was ashamed of except to eat the re-
mains of the Fourth of July dinner.
To-day I ate my last bottle of
stewed. Looks as though we might
have a hard winter.

July 6.—Feel a little apprehension
about everything to come. My credit is
all right here, but there is no competi-
tion, and prices are, therefore, very
low. Ice, however, is still firm. This
would be a good thing to have if there
were any demand, but the country is
so sparsely settled that a man feels as
lonesome here as a Greenbacker at a
Presidential election.

July 7.—This is a good cool place to
spend the summer if provisions were
more plenty. I am wearing a seal skin
undershirt with three woolen overalls
and two seal skin vests to-day; and
I don't feel like taking them off. I
put on my buffalo skin to keep off the
night air. I wish I was home. It seems
pretty lonesome here since the other
boys have left. I don't know what to
do for dinner to-morrow, unless the
neighbors bring in something. A big
bear is coming down the highway as I
write. I wish I could catch him. It
would be the first success of my life.
It is, however, a little mixed whether I
will eat him or he eat me. It will be
a cold day for me if he does.

Here the diary breaks off abruptly,
and from the cheery appearance of the
book we are left to entertain a horri-
ble fear as to his safety.

A Strong Bull.
The following is a recent in-
terview with Rufus Hatch:
Reporter—"I suppose I can write you
down as an unqualified 'bull' on the
country, at least."

"No, Hatch, I can't be any thing but a 'bull' when I look at this
country, its growth, and possibilities.
In the first place, it comprises within its
limits every shade of climate suitable
for the growth of the earth; it is
capable of producing everything or
wanting a man need to eat, or wear,
or use. And then the growth of the
country is marvellous. When I went to
Chicago in 1850 it had a population of
29,953; in 1860 the population had in-
creased to 112,172; in 1870 it numbered
288,977; and in 1881 the statistics show
a population of 575,000.

The growth of Chicago is but a sam-
ple of all the other towns, cities, coun-
ties, and states west of the Allegheny
mountains; and it has all happened
within the space of thirty years. When
I went to Chicago in 1850 there were
only forty-two miles of railroad west of
the lakes. It was called the Galena
railroad, and was an old-fashioned strap
iron road, running from Chicago to Elgin.
It may be interesting for you to know that
I was one of a corps of engineers that
did the first day's work that was over-
seen on a railroad in Wisconsin. When
I stepped on to the body of the engine it
stopped at the hundred-foot stake.
That is what I commenced engineer-
ing. And at that time I traveled over
the whole of Wisconsin, and saw the
country as it is, where it is now thickly
settled with farms, villages, and cities.
No man can visit the east, west, south,
west, and northwest without returning
with a conviction that an advance
in the stock market would take place.
The decline has taken place, and a
large majority of stocks are liable to
improve; indeed the boom has already
commenced.

How to Spell 'Sullivan.'
The Milwaukee City Directory con-
tains a list of names, and among them
a canvasser relates that while collect-
ing names for the directory he met a
woman who spoke a bad mixture of
Polish and German, and that her name
was Sullivan. From the names and sur-
roundings the canvasser thought there
surely must be some mistake and asked
her to spell her name. She replied that
she could not, but had an envelope on
which it was written, and on getting it
the canvasser read, "Calazawezek."

Now he thinks there are more ways than
one of spelling Sullivan. A West Side
man named Ernest Schenck, speaking
has the distinction of owning the long-
est name in the book, the surname con-
taining sixteen letters, almost an alpha-
bet. Frank Czev probably has the longest
name in the book. It is said that there
is not an ordinary title. It is said that
there is a Polish in the First Ward
whose name contains eighteen consonants
and makes a full line of print
with several letters hanging over at each
side, but his name does not appear in
the book.

Parliamentary.
He was a member of the Maine Leg-
islature and had been sweet towards an
Augusta girl all winter and had taken
her to attend the sessions until she was
sick. On the last day of the session, as they
came near the peanut stand near the
door, he said to her:
"May I offer you my handful of peanuts?"

She responded promptly:
"I move to amend by omitting all af-
ter the word 'handful.'"

Which they accepted the amend-
ment and they adopted it unanimously.
It was a hand some wedding that fol-
lowed.

A petroleum pipe line constructed
from the Coulman of territory over the
Canevas Mountains to Novorossisk
harbor, on the Black Sea coast, was
opened on May 27. This line of pipe,
which is 100 miles long, can deliver
every day not less than 1,000,000 pounds
of petroleum.

Mrs. Langley is to receive \$200 a
month, and all expenses of herself and
maid, for 100 nights in America.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Passing around the hat is one way
of getting the cents out of the meeting.
Men should learn humility. A light-
ning bug has six legs, a man only two.

The man who was thirteen days on a
huckleberry has just bought out a pantaloon
factory.

People learn wisdom by experience.
A man never wakes up his second baby to
see it laugh.

Taking things as they come is not so
very distressing. It is parting with
them as they go, that cuts one to the
soul.

Eternal fitness was never more ap-
propriately dove-tailed in than in the
euphonious name of the German pianist,
Hammerstein.

"We go to the old flag," remarked
the party-owner who was ordered to
lay a new sidewalk along the front of
his lot.

"How did you like the lecture?" "I
didn't like him at all. He gave us a
perfect Niagara of words and only a riv-
ulet of ideas."

What is the difference between freight
and cargo. A horse-car conductor says
the passengers make the freight, and the
horse makes the cargo.

"Mean," she cried, my husband is
the meanest wretch in the world. He
won't give me the least excuse for com-
plaining.

"If I'm" ejaculated Fogg. "So they
say this play is taken from life. I should
like to know what the life is taken from
the play."

In a horse-car—"Campbell, my dear
fellow, don't show good breeding to-
ward the ladies or people will think you
came from the country."

"It is injurious to eat before going to
sleep," asks a correspondent. Why not
eat before going to sleep? But you just
try eating after you go to sleep if you
want to see a circus.

"See, mamma!" exclaimed a little
child, as, with a shining eye, she
elaborated ruder, stricken about the
table, "see, kitty, such a much she
can't shut her tail down!"

You do not deal a death-blow to the
Darwinian theory by saying, "Man de-
scended from that monkey, but what did
the monkey descend from?" The monkey
descended from the tree.

"Mother, what have people got noses
for?" asked an Austin child of her moth-
er, who had seen better stars. "To turn
up at poor folks, my child," was the
cynical response.

"I understand that your courtship
with Charley is at an end." "Yes," said
she. "Charley pressed his suit until he
became a threatener, and then I gave him
the sack."

A Kentucky lover, who swore by the
great horn spoon that he'd like to die for
his girl, stood on the river bank and
saw another chap pull her from the wa-
ter, and never even offered him 15 cents
for her.

The thing now for city girls residing
in the country is to whistle miniature
hay-rieks out of white wood and send
them to their admirers in town. This
practice is called "Come and make hay
while the sun shines."

Things one would wish to have ex-
pressed differently: Musical maiden—
"I hope I am not boring you, playing so
much." Exclaimed youth—"No, no! I
pray go on! I'd so much sooner hear
you play than talk."

"George, what a lovely color for a re-
ception dress," said Mrs. Jones to her
husband, viewing the electric light on
the ceiling of the room where she was
dining. "Yes," said Mr. Jones,
"and what a bath for Jumbo."

A hoosier youth named Gosley or
Gosling, probably the latter, saw a girl
at church, courted her two hours, and
at the end of three was married to her.
A man who does up all his courtship in
two hours and marries misses lots of
fun. It's like stuffing himself with
delicious and cream in five minutes and
then having dyspepsia the rest of the
year.

A nice judge, when asked why he had
allowed a totally unnecessary case to
come to trial, said: "I thought it was
worth it. I knew that was not necessary,
but I saw that she had a new bonnet
and was striving to show it."

Charles Lamb was once asked by a
cheese-monger if he should give him a
fine piece of cheese for him. "No,"
he replied, "I don't want it. I don't
like cheese, but I'll take it for you."
"Thank you," said Charles.
"You will give me a bit of time I can-
not, perhaps, 14-lead it home."

A Kansas newspaper jokes published
an item to the effect that the best look-
ing girls in the town chived gum from
the streets. Before the paper had been
out an hour every girl in the town was
to be seen on the streets chiving gum.
The philosopher who discovered that
an obedience to the golden rule was the
cause of the negro's fondness for the
whitewashing business may, perhaps, be
able to tell why the Chinese laundry-
man invariably has a red sign with
white letters.

Two years ago a man in Georgia killed
his wife. He fled, and has not yet
been captured. In his stead two men
were arrested at different points in the
state. Each one had, as did the
murderer, a scar on his forehead, three
on his face and an inflexible big toe.

"I am ashamed of the effeminacy of
my sex," said a female orator. "Look
at myriads of superlatives! Why,
for instance, do you need pearls, when
I never used one?" And a pot mix an-
swered: "Because you are on the shady
side of life."

A new Mrs. Malaprop: In a suburban
town lives a relative of the immortal
Mrs. Malaprop. The other evening a
caller asked if Mr. was at home and
could be seen. "I think not," was the
reply. "I believe my husband has ex-
pired for the night."

An old citizen in a country village, on
having a subscription-list handed to him
toward purchasing a new house for the
place, thus excused himself: "I paid \$5
for a new house forty years ago, and
now my folks ain't had the benefit
of it yet."

Children's Doll Savings.

Children's remarks are at times even
more entertaining than their comical
queries and replies.

One of two children who were amu-
sing themselves by coloring pictures sud-
denly exclaimed:
"Well, how stupid of you to paint
that cow blue!"

"Oh, its blue with the cold!" quickly
chimed the other. "Don't you see it is
winter, and the poor thing is most
frozen?"

A little girl on being told something
which greatly amused her, said that
she would remember it the whole of her
life, and when she forgot it she would
write it down."

A canary had begun to twitter a little
after noon, but was unable to sing
its entire tune. A little four-year-old,
after listening to one of the bird's vain
attempts to master his tune, said very
compassionately, "Mamma, birdie forgot
the other half of the verse."

Canaries bring to mind their enemies,
the cats. A gentleman had a cat which
had five kittens. On ordering three of
them to be drowned, his little boy
said:
"Pa, do not drown them in cold wa-
ter. Warm it first; they may catch
cold."

A relative of the writer's crossing the
Channel when he was a very small boy,
suffered much from sea-sickness. Hear-
ing a good deal of talk on board about
the motion of the steamer, he confident-
ly informed his parents on landing, that
if he bought a boat, he wouldn't have
any motion to him.

The following remark of a little girl
shows an opinion of her elders the re-
verse of flattery.
"Oh dear," she exclaimed to her doll,
"do wish you would sit still. I never
saw such an uneasy thing in all my
life. Why don't you act like grown
folks, and be still and stupid for a
while?"

In contrast to this was the delicate
compliment paid to his mother. The
young child, discussing the super-
table the qualities which go to make up
the good wife. Nobody thought the lit-
tle fellow had been listening or could un-
derstand the talk, until he leaped over
the table and kissed his mother, and
said:
"Mamma, when I get big enough, I'm
going to marry a lady just exactly like
you."—*Christian at Work.*

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